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WITH the November issue, the humorous Life which has been published for fifty-three years is no more. Grateful for the support of faithful subscribers, the publishers of Life have arranged for the fulfillment of all unexpired subscriptions by Judge, which for two generations has been Life's friendly rival for the front rank in American humor.

The editorial content of Judge will be largely increased to include familiar features from Life, and beginning next month subscribers to the old Life will receive a new Judge, larger, wider in scope, in every way worthy of the tradition.

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Judge Magazine, Inc.

The subscription price of the new Judge, incorporating the humorous tradition and features of Life, will be $1.50 a year.

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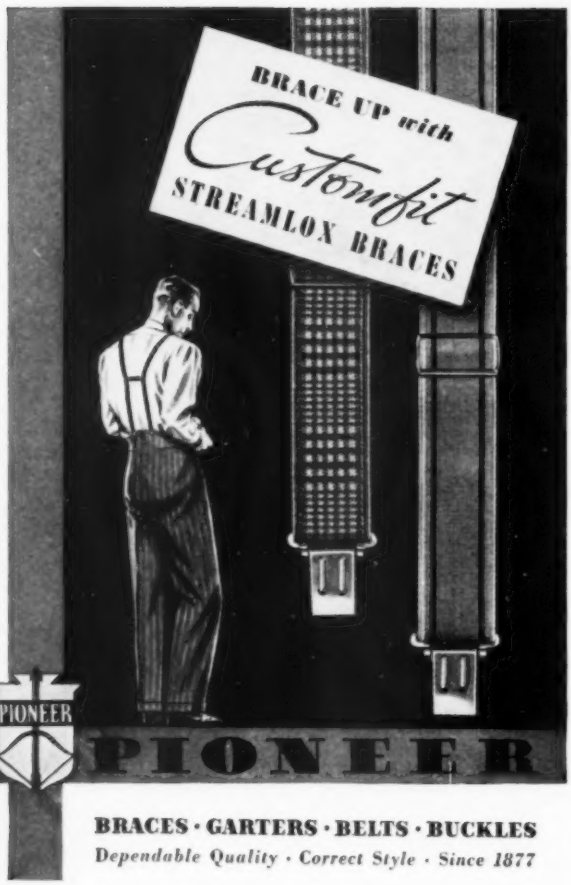

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Judging the Books

AT THE risk of offending Mr. Adolphus Hitler, the super house painter, we must report that "The Brothers Ashkenazi," a jumbo novel translated from the Yiddish of Mr. I. J. Singer, is not only the best book we've ever read about the Jews but also one of the best books we've ever read.

Moreover, "The Brothers Ashkenazi" is not a piece of glorified press agentry to gain sympathy for the chosen people. It is not written on the sides of the Wailing Wall. It is a fullblooded, fullbodied husky book, in which there are horrible meaningless atrocities committed against the Jews, yet on the other hand the Jews in it are not made into a saintly, blameless people, begging your sympathy.

Written in a good old-fashioned narrative style, used by the grand masters of writing, it really tells the story of an industrial age. Starting with the arrival of steam machinery, it traces the rise of modern textile industry in the weaving city of Lodz, Poland, carrying right thru the Russian Revolution and the depression. The brothers Ashkenazi protagonize the theme, one Max Ashkenazi, is a sharp, unpleasant, ruthless Jew who rises to power by cutthroat methods, the other, Yakob, gets there by having great luck with the gals. The story of their rise and fall is mingled with that of a thousand differing types of Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, liberal and conservative, and built of a thousand incidents, from poverty to strike, to revolution to war—all overshadowed by the awful pogrom, that cruel, racial horror.

But the best thing about the book is that it's a good absorbing yarn—the first prerequisite of great literature. Only towards the end does it grow a bit diffuse. The author fails to tie up all his various threads, of which he has a million. We did wish he had read a Dickensian ending before he finished his own book. It would have helped him overcome this flaw—and made a classic.

IN ALL fairness to the donors and the public we feel that Mrs. Winifred Van Etten should return the $10,000 she received for "I Am the Fox," 1936 Atlantic Prize Novel. Undoubtedly the publishers grew punch drunk under the flood of mss. that swamped them, and in a fit of desperate depression, just before deadline time, seized on the Van Etten piece and picked it for first prize. Given time to think things over (and read this review), we'll lay a copy of "Smokehouse Monthly" against Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, they're kicking

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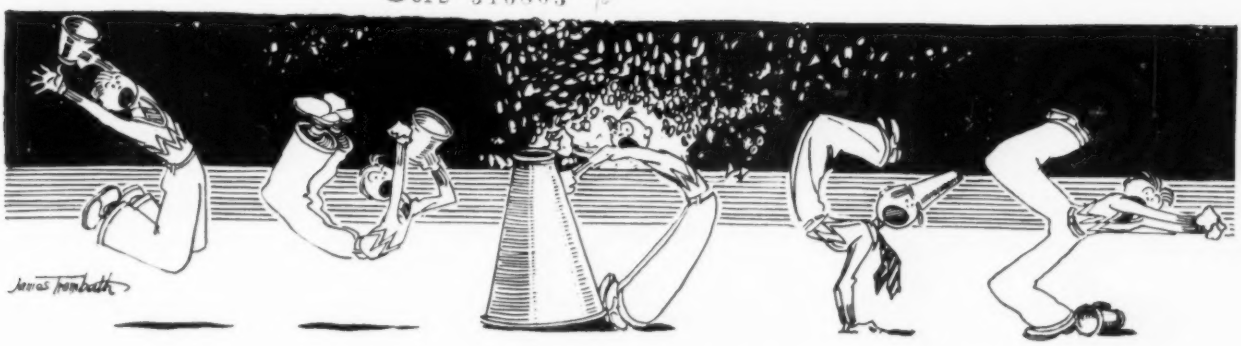

JACK SHUTTLEWORTH, *Editor* PARE LORENTZ, TED SHANE, STANLEY JONES, *Associate Editors*

THE Puritans used to go out and get their turkeys on the wing. Nowadays, we go out and get them on the cuff.

AND too many relief workers seem to think that they should be permanent fixtures in this country, the same as the projects they have built.

PEOPLE in the Tennessee Valley now have more electricity than they know what to do with. Our wife solved that problem years ago—she lets the toast burn.

SIMILE: As optimistic as a munitions manufacturer watching a newsreel.

NOW the captains of industry are heading for Florida while the rest of the business men remain to skate on thin ice at home.

AND it is reported one Broadway show flopped so badly on opening night that the third act took place in Cain's Warehouse.

"Put that book away and come to bed!"

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"The sergeant is developing some films!"

Veteran

FADED and wrinkled, shrivelled and old,
A woebegone thing without purpose or reason;
Each autumn it blossoms, begins to unfold—
Our gallant old coat starts another season.

READING the current thousand-page best seller is like playing tennis: you can't hope to get very far unless you've got the wrists for it.

In our house it's the living-room rug that's always curling up in front of the fireplace.

Then there's the sad case of the actor who fell off a ship passing a lighthouse. He drowned swimming in circles to keep in the spotlight.

And now, after a brief splurge of publicity, the Vice President can be expected to disappear about the same time the janitor does.

At a Glance

AS we understand the situation, today in Spain, a person is liable to be arrested and executed for being a Communist, Fascist, Leftist, Rightist, Monarchist, Democrat, Socialist, Anarchist, Rebel, Loyalist or Neutral.

Another thing about the Spanish revolution—most of the countries in Europe can boast of being represented in it.

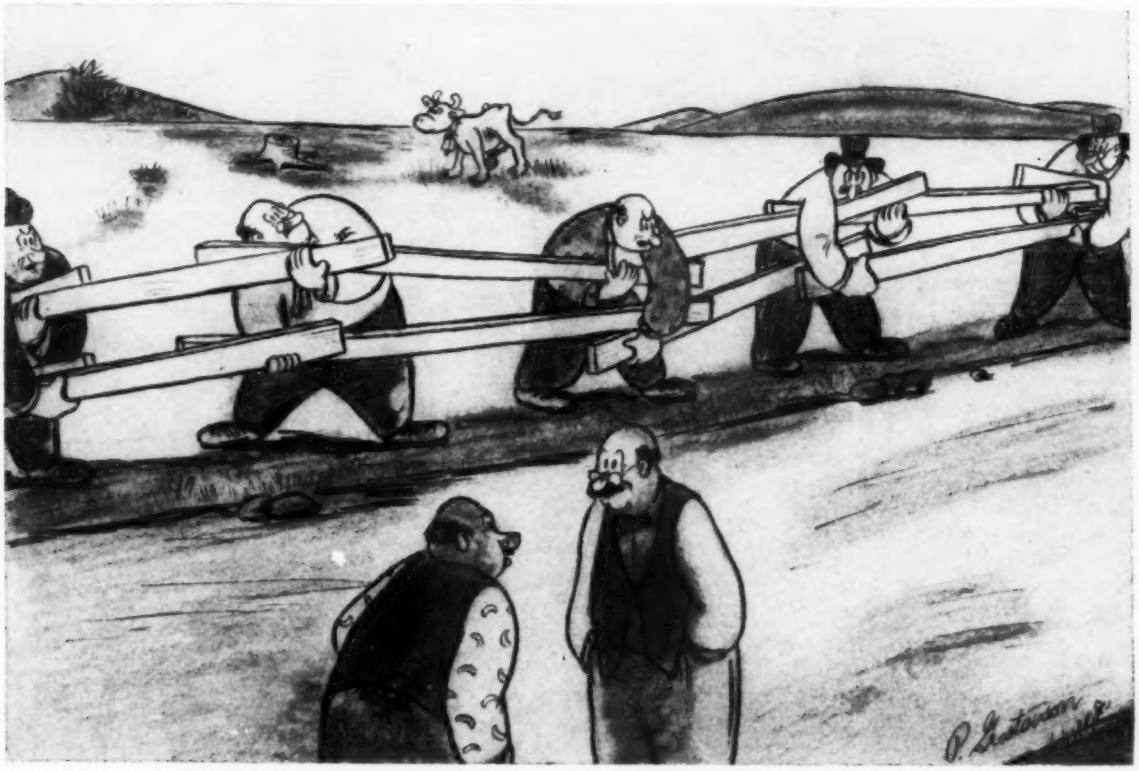
Last summer's transatlantic flights were rather reassuring. Enemy planes could never hurt us much in a war if they all cracked up in Newfoundland.

Add Pitiful Figures: The chap who came home to the wrong auto trailer after a night of celebrating and woke up the next morning in Kansas City.

The Rockefellers hold a unique record. They've given away seventy million dollars without first getting elected to public office.

And every time some people see a WPA project, they complain that there is a place their jack built.

"There are some people out here who say they do imitations of family quarrels!"



"We got our own way of solving the relief problem out here!"

The Judgment Bell

WHEN in the evening's early gleam
There sounds a bell of deep, sonorous tone
Then ye, awake or wrapt in peaceful dream
Receive its summons chilled in nerve and bone.

For this bell is the judgment bell
Tolling sadly in the dying day
And ringing thus its message is to tell
The amateur hour is getting under way.

Frankly Speaking

AFTER the administration finishes saving the French franc and the English pound, it would be nice if it would start saving a few American dollars.

And in our boyhood days we were knocking nuts off trees at this time of year, instead of electing them to office.

Domestic difficulties are now being broadcast on coast-to-coast networks, an even more efficient method than the old-fashioned system of employing a staff of servants.

"Marry me, Johanna, and give me inspiration to look for a job!"

Through Life With a Movie Fan

DONALD DUCK.
Tom Mix.
Marlene Dietrich.
Mae West.
George Arliss.
Shirley Temple.

Fall is here, and all over the country earnest young men are busy working their way through college by taking out ashes and opposing ends and tackles.

And now that experts have solved the riddle of the Sphinx it would be nice if they'd get busy and start deciphering these newspaper bridge lessons for us.

"He thinks he's funny."

"All right, gang—University of California Southern Branch at Los Angeles—spell it!"

Modern Improvements

BINKS takes ideas and improves on them. For instance, his system of collecting bad debts.

First Binks sends out a letter demanding immediate payment. Experienced debt dodgers ignore this as a matter of course. Next Binks sends a statement multiplied by two. If the bad payer owes ten dollars, Binks sends him a bill for twenty. Sometimes this gets results, but many bad payers are onto this angle of bill collecting, so they don't put in an appearance to protest.

On his next statement Binks spells the bad payer's name wrong, and follows up with a series of dunning letters which arrive with postage due. Binks says few people can withstand the triple indignity of double indebtedness, their names spelled wrong, and postage due.

Yes, sir, Binks takes ideas and improves on them.

Speaking of Systems

DIFFERENT people have different systems.

Some of them tie a piece of string around their finger so they won't forget they have to do a certain thing at a certain time.

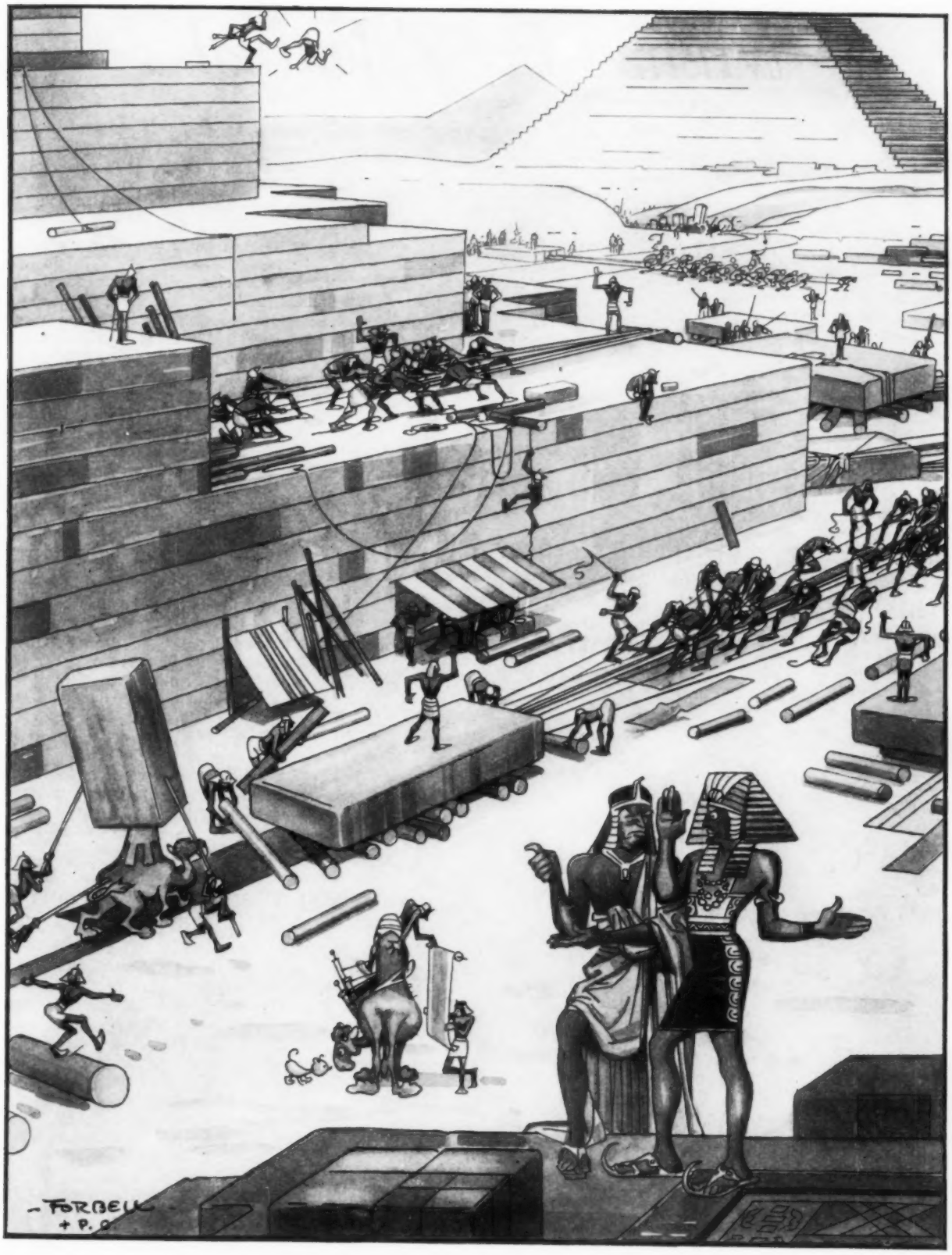
Other people hire a secretary to remind them to do things at the proper moment.

Still others carry little notebooks with all the things they have to do listed under the proper date and hour.

Personally, I rather admire the system my Uncle Louie uses. He goes to no trouble himself. He never tries to remember to do anything at such a date or such a time. He just sits or lies around in complete relaxation. He figures that if there's anything he really *has* to do, somebody will come around and make him do it.

And it works!

—DAVID MURRAY.



Humph! Just some more boondoggling!"

Mistress Pepys' Journal

By Baird Leonard

OCTOBER 1.—Motoring down from Cooperstown through the pleasant countryside, thinking how much pleasanter an absence of refreshment stands and commercial advertising would make it, and was minded of Ogden Nash's quatrain, which has become a regular feature in my table-talk repertoire:

I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree;
Perhaps, unless the billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all.

Thinking also of Sam's and my eternal conversation about moving to the country for the whole year without ever taking the slightest steps to do so, and wondering if Dr. Johnson was right when he said that when one is tired of London, one is tired of life. Going through Hyde Park I did hiss childishly to indicate my political preferences, and did smile to remember how excited I had become over the preparations for our recent Republican rally—hiring a band, writing campaign songs, corraling horses and buggies for the parade, etc.—that I had gone in to dinner without putting on my jewelry. Arrived home to find some of my cronies awaiting me, so there was much pleasant chitchat, Marge Boothby confiding that when she bathed her dog these days she dried it with the hair-drier, and that her new butler had told her, on hearing that her nephew had won a medal in some sport or other, that he had one of those things himself, and when she did ask him what it was, he quoth vaguely, "I'm not quite sure, Madam—my sister has it. But I think they call it the Victoria Cross." And Biff Haskins did recall how my Sam, who has become a slave to golf, was so irritated when they were held up interminably by a millionairess looking for a lost ball, had remarked, "If I owned half the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, I'd drop another ball and let four *poor* fellers go through." Carol White was full of the drolleries of her colored helpers down in Middleburg, her cook, albeit a wizard over the stove, being so illiterate that Carol has to draw her instructions, to a point where, if she wants a dozen lemons, she is obliged to sketch the whole twelve on a kitchen slip. Also a young houseboy, when her daughter did tell him that she couldn't get the door of her car open, had said "Cantcha?" and walked away. The same lad, circulating appetizers, was asked by a supercilious guest what one did with the toothpick in the cocktail sausage, and replied "Hold it."

"Hereafter practice your passes on the field, not in the parlor!"

OCTOBER 2.—Somewhat distracted this morning at facing the conditioning of closets, my wardrobe, desks, and accumulated parcels and periodicals, to say nought of getting the trunks unpacked and out of the way, but I was luckily saved from beginning the tiresome business at once by falling upon "Miss Buncle's Book," so delightful that I did read it straight through, and when I emerged from it and asked my Katie and Helen how they were making out in the other rooms, Katie responded that they had got it so that in some places you could see the floor. Midge Marvel in, having heard of my learning to tell fortunes, and all a-twitter for me to tell hers at once, which I did, and when she protested my refusal to pronounce definitely whether she was the Queen of Hearts or Diamonds, I confided that Sam had advised me to pass up distinc-

"There's that tramp again! They want a nickel for a cup o' coffee!"

tions of complexion amongst my feminine consultants, since so many women colored their hair these days. Whereupon she all but flew into a rage, which did convince me that what I have suspected for some time is true. But she was pacified by the end of the session, when she did ask me the leading question of the day, "Have you read *Gone with the Wind?*" and when she wanted the loan of my copy, I was obliged to confess that it was not in first-class condition, since I had been obliged to tear it in two before I could hold it comfortably on my stomach whilst reading it in bed. Made a faint beginning on my bureau drawers later, deeply regretful that I had not driven over to Gloversville this summer and laid in a supply of gloves at rock-bottom prices, and even more distressed because my failure to do so every summer is only another indication of my weakness of character. But the time of year is now at hand when I am surcharged with good resolutions for self-improvement, and when I did tell Samuel as much, he besought me not to begin on taking a pew in church and brushing up my French, a story he had heard for eleven years, and wickedly reminded me that my suggestion of our having dinner in negligée belied all my fine intentions, adding that we must dress to keep up our *morale*, just like Englishmen in the jungle. This night I did knit the final stitch in the sweater I began for Sam exactly a year ago.

"At this picturesque spot the tourists usually give me five dollars."

Name My Poison

MY memory's hazy
I'm not feeling bright
I wonder what made me so crazy
Last night?
I haven't a notion
I simply can't name
Exactly *which* potion
Was wholly to blame.

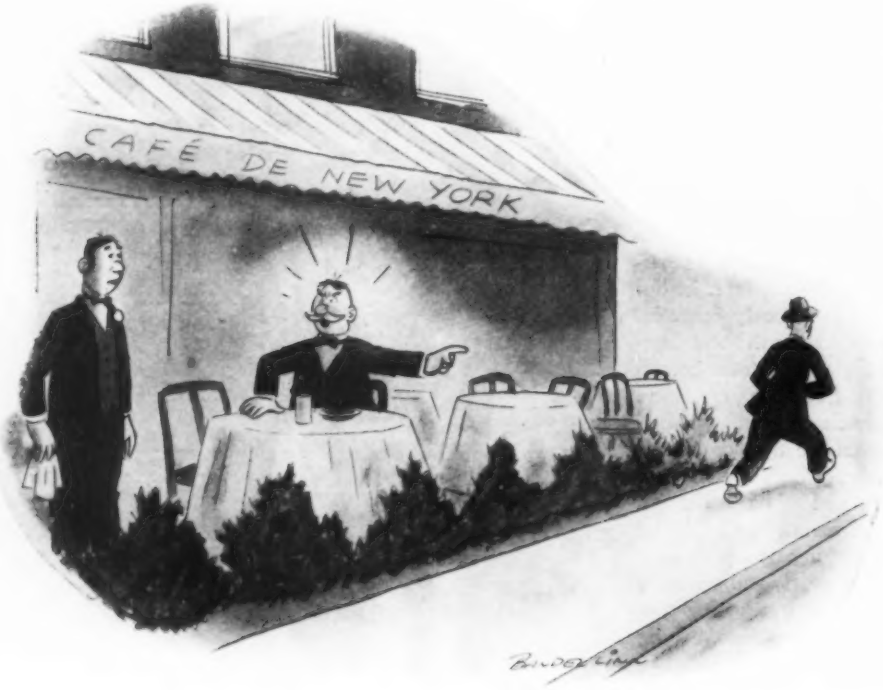
Oh, was it the brandy
Or Cointreau or grape
Which made it seem dandy
To act like an ape?
Or was it the Apple
Or Scotch in its prime
That caused me to grapple
The curtains—and climb?

But memory's foggy
In fact, it's a blank.
Which drink made me groggy
Of all that I drank?
They all caused a glow which
I greatly enjoyed—
But I'll never know which
I ought to avoid!

—BERTON BRALEY.

AND with winter weather here, we suppose Uncle Sam's plan will be to get the unemployed off the benches by Christmas.

"They're suspicious looking characters, Sarg—I can't tell if they're gangsters or plainclothesmen."



"That man took my dessert!"

Black Eye

"WHO hung the mouse on your eye? Now don't tell me you were bending over to pick up a blonde."

"May I introduce Jim Brown, folks? He's a white man, in spite of that black eye, ha-ha."

"Whoops, look at old Jim with a damaged optic! My word, Jim, and you two married eight years! Shame!"

"You see, Jim could handle the three policemen, but just then the Home Guard came marching by and—."

"You don't have to tell us a thing. After it was all over you discovered the other fellow was the heavyweight champion of the Navy."

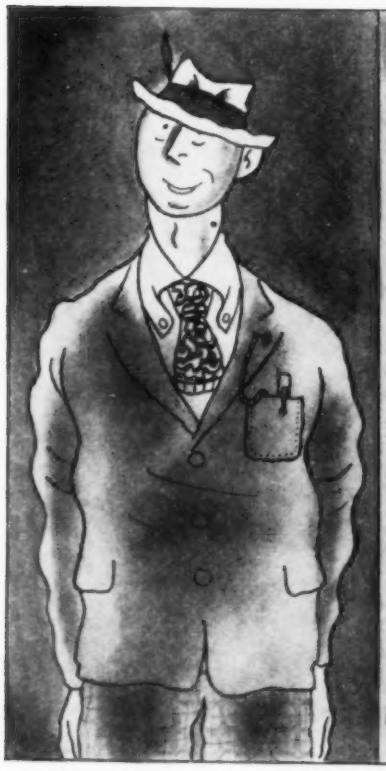
"The thing for you to do is quit eating raw meat and start hanging some of it on that glorious shiner."

"Oh, Mr. Brown, you look just like Charles Bickford with that adorable black eye."

Judge's Camera Contest

IN the above news-photo may be perceived Patrolman Oscar Awning, supported by two fellow officers, all of whom had been posted at Union Square to maintain order at a recent Communist "Down-With-Police-Brutality" rally.

A SPECIALLY posed portrait of positively the only Russian actress in America who left Russia by train instead of in a sled across the steppes, pursued by hungry wolves.



ON the left is Homer Jump, Mid-Western college junior, whose father gave him a trip to Europe last summer. On the right one may discern Homer after six days in London.

CANDID shot of Lorillard Sponk, real estate man, snapped at his home as he raptly listened to his own special recording of pneumatic drills and riveters which readily transport him to a glowing 1929 mood.

THE MOVIES

FOR a long time Clifford Odets, the Bernard Shaw of the Bronx and author of "Waiting for Lefty" held out against Hollywood, where they manufacture celluloid opiate for the people. Wave after wave of Louie B. Mayers, Dolphie Zukors and Benny Ziedmans he flung back tho they implored him to come West and save the movies. Then Cliff's "Paradise Lost" flopped on the New York stage and Cliff succumbed to Hollywood's red lips and $2500 a week, remarking after ten weeks in the famed Cal. sun: "Playwrights should fall on their knees and thank God there is such a place as Hollywood! Otherwise they'd starve." Aside from the questionable economics involved in said statement, I must admit Cliff didn't go to Hollywood.

For, praise be to Lenin, knowing that Odets burned with indignation for the oppressed, Hollywood did not hand him a football story to do. They did, however, assign him a cliche hunk called "The General Died at Dawn," as hokey a piece as ever ran in the adventure magazines. Nobody, including Euripides, Moliere, or Ibsen could have kicked any life into the old corpse and I understand Hollywood tried them all. But I'm pleased to recount that good old Cliff picked up the beast and belabored a lot of interest into it by filling it full of anti-fascist propaganda, making a very satisfactory job of it. And not heavy-handed labelled propaganda, but nice clean punches disguised behind action and characterization.

In the glorified obviousness, Gary Cooper is a crusading newspaperman who runs guns from Shanghai to a Chinese province crushed under the heel of a yellow warlord. He is going great guns until Madeleine Carroll, doing it for a sick, whining father, seduces him into the hands of the warlord. Maddie's only mistake is to fall in love with Gary and when the warlord finds it out, there is hell to pay, and climax on climax.

As the messianic hero, Gary Cooper looks as haggard as a Harvard man working for a tabloid. He mumbles his words in his beard and looks as if a gazelle, looking crosseyed at him would scare him to death. But he acquits himself marvelously and his performance ought win over the women to the forces of anti-fascism. Our new British import, Miss Carroll, is extremely blondely lovely to look at and seems to know her way about in the English language, unusual for Hollywood gals. Akim Tamiroff is a brilliant yellow dictator and reads his lines with intense hitlerian megalomania. Dudley Digges, either a Gilbertian caricature of a Chinaman or an Abbey Street version of a coon's idea of one, is pretty dry and bad as a slant-eye. J. Warren Kerrigan slimes his way thru an evil part and seems to come off green on your hands. The direction is phoney and pretentious.

As for the talents of the Odets fellow, I hazard he has little except the righteous fever he burns with—which may be enough. He writes some pretty bad dialogue in this, getting very fancy in spots. When it looks as if Gary and Madeleine are about to be bumped off, he has Gary mumble: "We could have drawn a circle of flame around us with our love!" But he does show restraint in that Gary is not asked to do a Doug Fairbanks at picture end. When, instead of single-handedly licking 100 villainous rascals, for the first time in movie history, Gary, the hero, begs the warlord for his and Madeleine's life—begs him cringingly too and no Marines arrive! Who knows maybe the villain may yet get the girl! Happy day!

THO I'm coming in a little late with it, I'd like to go on record that the British made sequel to "Henry VIII," called "Nine Days a Queen," and dealing with the bloody scramble for power that took place immediately after Henry's death, is a honey of a picture. A perfect blending of everything that it takes to make a true movie, it proves that London, when it stops trying to be a suburb of Hollywood, can outstrip its model by a moon's distance. It also proves you can make good drama by sticking to the historical truth and not perverting it.

"This is your last chance, Judkins—if this guy dies you flunk surgery!"

For speaking of Hollywood and history, "The Gorgeous Hussy," taken from Sam Hop Adams' book of the same name, is as tiresome distortion of historical facts as I've ever seen. Not that it comes out with glaring stupidities but its twistings of the truth are nasty and mean, made to fit an essentially dull story. The gorgeous hussy is one Peggy O'Neill, a tavern keeper's daughter and supposedly an important gal behind the Washington scenes of Jackson's time. She married frequently and loudly, got all the Washington cats down on her, and managed to get Jackson to fire an entire cabinet for her, thus supposedly changing the course of history.

Specifically, all Peggy O'Neill meant to Joan Crawford, who plays her, was a vehicle for wearing about two hun-

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LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS
HOW'S EVERYTHING OUT IN KANSAS, AUNT MINNIE?
IT'S SO DRY THE TREES ARE CHASING THE DOGS!
TRACK 6
I SAW A TRAINED SEAL DO THAT — ONLY HE WAS MUCH BETTER LOOKING!
OFFICE W.P.A.
IF WE DON'T FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SPEND THAT ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS WE LOSE OUR JOBS!
HOW ABOUT A BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI — LENGTHWISE?
F. D. R.
OUT OF MY HOUSE, YOU JEZEBEL, YOU AINT NO DOTTER OF MINE!
YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG, PAW, IT'S ONLY THE LAUNDRY!
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
JAMES TREMOATH

"I wish I had a hairpin. Something's peeking thru the keyhole."
"That's the Act I told you about. The one John is gonna show Major Bowes."
"Hello, Joe! Your idea was a good one, but the wire don't reach."
MEN AT WORK.
"Uncle Luke is from Kentucky. He thinks sewers are modern bear holes."
Aldo

"Now watch this and learn how to go through that line!"

Valiant is the Word for Frobisher

By Norman Sullivan

"EXPLAIN to the court in your own words, Mr. Frobisher, the exact nature of your Blue Legion."

"Well, your honor, the Blue Legion is a nationwide, secret organization for the righting of great social wrongs."

"Great social wrongs?"

"Yes. I founded the Blue Legion in 1932 to fight for more leg-room at soda fountains and shorter leashes for dogs being walked in public places."

"Just what is the Threat of The Pale Blue Hand, Mr. Frobisher?"

"That's a boycott threat, judge. We have used it against store-owners right in this city. We boycott the store and threaten to boil the owner in oil if he sticks any more advertising circulars under the windshield wipers of parked cars."

"You have also threatened the United States Postoffice, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, we threatened the postoffice. At our last meeting we indicted the postmaster and found him guilty on the grounds that a postoffice blotter should blot. We sent him the Threat of the Blue Tattoo."

"And what is the Threat of the Blue Tattoo?"

"We gave him 10 days to correct the blotter situation or have a WPA mural tattooed on his forehead."

"Mr. Frobisher, please tell the court what you know about The Great Inner Circle."

"Well, the Great Inner Circle is made up of charter members who have suffered grievous wrongs. For instance, our Avenging Knight of the Smoking Dragon works in an office where the stenographers let the window shades go up with a zip. The Grand Vizier of the Mailed Fist eats in a cafeteria where he can obtain only one pat of butter. Then our First Stirrer of the Poison Vats continually receives letters from real estate firms presenting him with a tax-free lot in New Jersey."

"It is charged you forced one of our law-abiding citizens, a Mr. Herman Blounce, to depart from this city under mysterious circumstances. Is that true?"

"Your honor, I hardly know why Blounce left town. One of our Cerulean Scouts discovered Blounce was mailing out cravats C.O.D. to people who hadn't ordered them. Our Supreme Council of the Sacred Fires visited him and measured him for a hempen cravat. That night Blounce hurried down to the railroad depot and vanished."

"The newspapers say eight persons have been driven out of the county during the past month as a result of Blue Legion terrorism. Is there any basis for that charge, Mr. Frobisher?"

"YES and no, your honor. We are not to blame if every recipient of the Azure Spot chooses to move away."

"The Azure Spot? What is that?"

"The Azure Spot is the badge of our Indigo Avengers, and also our de luxe threat, you might say. The last—I believe it went out only Thursday—was sent to a vegetable-stand proprietor on Euclid Avenue who was usurping nineteen square feet of sidewalk with crates of pineapples. The Azure Spot warned him to expect another pineapple within a fortnight."

"That sort of work is strictly up to the police, Mr. Frobisher. Have you anything further to say to this court?"

"Your honor, the Blue Legion has accomplished a lot of good. Ask any business executive who has ever had friends perch all morning on the corner of his desk if he is not deeply grateful for the Desk Spears distributed by the Blue Legion. Ask any traveler if he does

(Page 30, please)

"Gosh, honey, I almost forgot!"

HIGH

The Judge Jr.
High Hat Award No. 11

To: Dick Merrill, Chief Pilot, Eastern Air Lines, N.Y.C.

CITATION: For being not only one of the finest commercial pilots in the world, but a man of great modesty and quiet personal charm.

Dick Merrill is known among pilots as one of the best and most dependable, year in, year out. He has over eleven thousand flying hours to his credit—at least half of which were logged at night. His regular route is between New York and Miami, which is recognized as providing some trying tests of skill under all kinds of weather. In addition, he is always picked for special flying jobs by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, Eastern Air Lines General Manager.

Pilot Merrill could be called a man of "exemplary character"—a model for American youth—but we doubt that he'd like it. He's regular. He doesn't smoke or drink, but all men take to him at once.

In no instance has he shown to better advantage than in his recent record-setting flight to England with Harry Richman. Despite a good many complications, which have received too much publicity already, Dick Merrill sawed the wood and let the others do the talking.

As an expression of sincere regard for him as a man and as a flier, Judge Jr. takes pleasure in awarding him the Dobbs High Hat for the outstanding feat of the month.

Jam Her Around Again, Willie

Around . . . Around . . . Around

GOOD times must be here again, and no fooling. For crazy ways of exciting the populace are part and parcel of prosperity—and the Roller Derby is in town! Yazzir.

In the ornate red, white and blue tent of the Hippodrome which recently housed Billy Rose's elephantine flopperoo "Jumbo," the rollerskating pros are awheel. There are seventeen teams, co-eds, and they skate a prescribed distance each day—a day's stint being 8 hours.

The same gaffers who are subject to the curious hypnotic spell of watching six-day bikers pedal furiously around a wooden saucer to arrive nowhere are in evidence at the Roller Derby. The thing has many of the aspects of a bike race.

There is a loudspeaker, Station WHN, which confirms the astonishing evidence of your eyes in blasting tones from 11:15 a.m. until 11:30 p.m.

"There they go now! . . . Another jam . . . that's Schoolboy Creekmore starting it, sponsored by Modell's Sportswear . . . He's challenged by Irish Joe Kleats, sponsored by the 42nd St. Cafeteria! . . . Muscles Stampley is right behind . . . they're at the turn, Schoolboy leads . . . one minute five seconds to go! . . . He's gaining on the crowd . . . forty seconds to go and Oh Boy he's closing! . . . Muscles cuts him off at the turn . . . they're putting all they've got into it . . . three seconds to go . . . he's made it! . . . Schoolboy Creekmore gains a lap on the field!"

The "jams" last 2½ minutes. Late at night, just before closing, the boys and girls get hot and indulge in "house jams," with all hands shooting the works and spills aplenty. Many of these spills, announced by a fearsome siren, are obviously dives, for the benefit of the customers and no harm done. We watched three of the girls—and very goodlooking girls they are too,—suddenly go into vaudeville pratt-falls for no reason at all.

90 Miles a Day!

AT THE back of the arena there is a huge map, with colored lights snaking a path from San Diego to N.Y. Each

HAT

The Judge Jr.
Flannel Night Cap Award No. 11

To: Police Chief James C. Yates, of Terre Haute, Indiana.

CITATION: For unmitigated shortsightedness and indiscriminate publicity-grabbing.

In jailing Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President, and four associates on false charges of vagrancy, Chief Yates prevented candidate Browder from making his campaign address and, at the same time, presented the Communist Cause in the United States with many thousands of dollars worth of free publicity of the most effective sort.

Instead of allowing Browder to have his say and then be promptly forgotten, as did New York and Chicago, this officious gendarme made martyrs of Browder and all those incarcerated with him in the Terre Haute Bastile. The incident offers the communists in this country an unrivaled opportunity to point to the rise of fascism here and a concrete instance to quote against the suppression of free speech by the minions of the society they seek to subvert.

The payoff of this ace of blunders took place when Browder's lawyer gave the campaign speech on schedule anyway, in spite of police interference. The speech is probably forgotten by everyone but members of the Communist Party, but candidate Earl Browder and his associates will be remembered for a long time to come.

Junior's Awards

JUNIOR believes that the day of the sporting gesture, the super-service, the outstanding act, is not yet done. He believes, moreover, in suitable recognition. So he is making a monthly award of that emblem of probity, gaiety and goodfellowship—a High Hat. A Dobbs, no less.

Junior's other monthly award takes the appropriate form of a Flannel Night Cap. It will go to that He or She who speaks or acts most out of turn. Judge Jr. welcomes nominations for both awards in the form of authentic clippings from the press. Let's hear!

day, the skaters cover about 90 miles. There are 17 teams. They average $40 a week apiece, and the winning team gets $1,000.

The roller merry-go-round started at the Chicago Coliseum a year ago, and drew 225,000 roller-eyed customers in 35 days. Chicago has time for everything, it seems. It was something of a sensation at Miami last winter, where the policy Blue Bookers and the slot machine 400 were so enthralled that the troupe stayed two months, and made it pay. They ran a good second to the Derby at Louisville, tho the enterprising promoter, Mr. Leo Seltzer, failed in his effort to get "Discovery" and "Omaha" on rollerskates for the final week's jams.

Incidental Music

INSTEAD of "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," or "'Round and 'Round the Mulberry Bush," which struck us as ideal incidental music for the daffy whirl, the entire musical note is pitched in the classical tradition.

When the Mother and Son team, "Ma" and "Sonnyboy" Bogash, relieved each other after a spill on "Ma's" part, the loudspeakers were blatting out the overture to "William Tell." The starting of almost every jam is heralded by the spirited strains of the "Flight of the Bumblebees," by Mr. Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The most exciting engagement, as far as we were concerned, was the jam between a big blond gent with his arm in a sling under his purple jersey ("Love's Dresses") and a Jewish deaf mute in blue tights and a white jersey ("Rosoff's Restaurant"). They gave their all for Love and Rosoff, winding up with a headlong plunge into the frightened tailenders which scattered them on the track like the pieces of a china plate flung off the Chrysler Building.

Turn-Callers Meet

THE National Association of Fortune Tellers held its first national convention recently at the State Fair in Trenton, New Jersey.

There was dust on the crystal ball, however, and a few bits of driftage among the tea leaves in one important respect: none of the seers who had bought railroad tickets in advance

(Page 25, please)

JUDGE ON THE BENCH

Notorious November

SIX scheduled occasions make this November a month of portent. They are:

The American election.
Armistice Day.
The American Thanksgiving.
China's adoption of a Constitution.
Russia's adoption of a Constitution.
The Pan-American conference.

It would take a monster mind to figure out the intricate concatenation of these events. Yet there is one: not a chain, not any orderly connection, but a tangled skein of cause and effect, accident and hazard, hope and fear and grief and high resolve. Throw into this snarl the sputtering wires of conflict in Spain, in Asia, in central Europe, and we can well believe that November may be a month to make laughter for the little gods who thrive on man's discomfiture. By the first of December we'll probably all be like Fred Allen's penguins, flying backward because we don't care where we're going but want to see where we've been.

THE American election will decide whether Roosevelt is to stay in office. Its effect on international relations may be profound. There is no doubt that various international schemes have been marking time until after our election. Once that's over, whether Roosevelt wins or loses, there will be no more point in delaying action, so far as trying to drag us in is concerned. Other nations, notably Japan and possibly England, are watching shrewdly to see whether Roosevelt reelected will not become more reckless in his foreign policy. He says "I hate war," but everybody knows he loves the navy. It is never to be forgotten that Wilson was reelected on the slogan "he kept us out of war," and then plunged us in before his second inauguration.

ARMISTICE DAY and Thanksgiving get on our list of big-time events only by way of contrast. We Americans are great on celebrating things that happened once and now seem so incredible that we'd forget all about them if we didn't declare a national holiday. So we observe the anniversary of an armistice that didn't really end the war at all, but simply opened a new chapter of conflict. And because our seventeenth-century ancestors found abundance and prosperity here, and gave thanks devoutly, we still mumble over their worn phrases, hoping that we won't be overheard by ten million unemployed, by farmers choked with dust, by boys and girls coming to maturity in a country that has nothing to offer them. Each year as November rolls round the risk grows greater that the irony of these holidays will be too much for our national patience.

WHEN China and Russia make new constitutions, we dare not say as we might have once, that they are far away and can not affect us. We now know pretty well that any great thing that happens anywhere in the world happens to us too. The Far East is no longer far, and Soviet Russia has by the very force of ideas thrust herself into our very firesides. China, by adopting her new constitution, will in effect confirm the dictatorship of one of the world's four great dictators—Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. For ten years he has been reaching toward the peak of power which he will achieve this month. He has conspired, equivocated, played for time, backed and filled, while always building up his armies, storing munitions and silver, drawing to him the support of other war lords. With constitutional power as a new instrument in his hands, he may quite suddenly become more positive and more defiant. If Chiang decides at last to resist Japan, he will do so on the cold calculation that a protracted war in the Orient would eventually draw in Russia, England and the United States.

THE Russian constitution has a somewhat similar meaning. There is no doubt that Stalin has had to cope with much internal opposition. But the new constitution, with its more democratic machinery, is evidence that the Bolsheviks now have greater confidence in their grip upon the people. To the outside world the lesson is that a nation which becomes more bourgeois and more confident, is also prone to become more arrogant and more aggressive. We cannot feel so sure as we did a few years ago that Soviet Russia will not fight outside of her own border. She seems to have espoused the dangerous doctrine that the best defense is a quick offensive. If she comes to blows either with Germany or with Japan, her transformation from the greatest pacifist state to one of the most powerful warmakers, might shake the world.

THIS is why the last event on our list, the Pan-American conference at Buenos Aires, may be the most fateful of all. Having been forced by all logic to despair of our vaunted national isolation, we Americans are beginning to look round for a better hole to go to. That better hole may be a bigger one, in which the South and North Americans will isolate themselves all together. A special League of American Nations; the Monroe Doctrine grown up into the Good Neighbor policy, and the neighborhood declared strictly exclusive, being limited to this hemisphere. Figure it out in terms of trade—and that's the only way finally to figure out international relations—and it makes sense. Organize this hemisphere sufficiently and we could get along very nicely without any business with Europe, Asia or Africa. Maybe the United States would get the lion's share of the benefit; one of the past obstacles to Pan-American unity has been that we've either had the lion's share, or the other nations have feared that we would get it, which is just as bad. The Roosevelt administration has done a great deal to change that. We were never so popular below the equator as we are today. Roosevelt's reelection will greatly increase the hope of success for the conference, which opens at Buenos Aires the end of the month. And the success of the conference would increase our hope—slim though it be—of avoiding the agonies of the old world, east or west.

Gone With the Wind

Wit-Nits

By Peter Potter

Bow Wow Wow

IN the big game Allen, Burton, Callan, and Davis played in the Yale backfield. These huskies were numbered 1, 2, 3, and 5; although not necessarily in the above order.

Yale kicked off, Harvard fumbled, and Yale recovered the ball on Harvard's 29 yard line.

On the first down Allen smacked the line and his gain in yardage was just equal to his number.

On the second down Burton went off tackle and picked up just twice his number in yards.

On a tricky reverse Callan gained three times his number in yards.

Pandemonium broke loose in the Yale stands when Davis taking a lateral pass streaked around left end, and, outracing the Harvard secondary, dove for the goal line just making the touchdown; and gaining four times his number in yardage.

What number did each of the Yale backs carry?

The Spelling Bee

MR. SIMPKINS had attended a meeting of the Magicians' Clubs, but had not seen anything to thrill him particularly because, as you know, Mr. Simpkins can't be fooled by anything like that, and when he has no ready explanation simply says that there is a trick to it. After the meeting Mr. Simpkins joined several of the members for a bite to eat at a nearby restaurant. He found himself seated next to Gimpy the Great. Before Mr. Simpkins had an opportunity to glance at the menu Gimpy produced a pack of cards from nowhere and flourished them under Mr. Simpkins nose. Mr. Simpkins was pleased.

"Have you anything," said Mr. Simpkins, "that I could show to Mrs. Simpkins?"

"Why, yes," said Gimpy the Great. The master magician proceeded to remove the entire spade suit from his deck and arranged the 13 spades in a certain way. He then started to spell out the cards: "A-C-E—Ace, T-W-O—Two" and so forth. On mentioning each letter he removed a card from the top of his pack of 13 cards and put it on the bottom of the pack. And when he mentioned the name of the card he turned the top card face up and placed it on the table. Each card turned up corresponded with its name as mentioned. He continued this until all thirteen cards were exhausted and all had been spelled out in order from the ace to the king.

Can you determine how the 13 cards must be arranged to make this possible? Of course, when only the king is left it is simply turned up.

Digit Crypt

THE following depicts a sum in long division. Letters have been substituted for the digits from 0 to 9, inclusive. Each letter always represents the same digit. When you have found the digits represented by each letter arrange the letters in numerical order and they will spell a word.

```
Y D E)E I Y B S(O B L
      Z D M
      -----
        I D B
        L D O
        -----
          D D S
          D D S
          -----
```

Even Money

MR. MATCHER, that shrewdest of gamblers, decided on a glorious Saturday afternoon to try his skill against the "bookies" at Beaumont Park. Arriving in good season for the first race he noticed that two horses had been scratched and that there were three horses left in the race. The odds, as posted, were 4 to 1 on Follow Thru, 3 to 1 on On-Ur-Toes, and 2 to 1 on Lucky Break. Mr. Matcher at once saw his opportunity and so placed his bets that no matter which horse came in first he would win as much as possible. Mr. Matcher had less than fifty dollars in his pocket. What bets, in even dollars, did he make?

Assuming that the odds were 4 to 1 on Follow Thru, and 3 to 1 on On-Ur-Toes, what should the odds be on Lucky Break so that no matter which horse won Mr. Matcher could come out even?

Scrambled Patents

(Submitted by S. M. Foster)

A CERTAIN prominent patent attorney was, to put it mildly, astonished when he was recently fortunate enough to receive the practically simultaneous allowance of five patents, for five separate clients, each of whom lived in a different city. But his astonishment turned to chagrin when he learned a few days later what had happened to the patents. They had all been received in his office, and forwarded to the patentees on the same day but, due to the error of a new clerk in the attorney's office, they were enclosed in the wrong envelopes so that each client received a patent but not his own.

The inventor of the steam shovel received the mouse-trap patent while the inventor of the latter found in his mail the papers which should have gone to Mr. Green. Mr. Blue received the patent for the rumble seat awning. Mr. Black's patent was sent to Chicago; the patent which should have gone there, was mailed to Boston. Mr. Brown had the patent which was intended for New York. Mr. White had Mr. Brown's patent. The non-refillable bottle was sent to Los Angeles; the inventor of the bottle received the patent of the Cleveland client; while in Cleveland there turned up, much to the surprise of its recipient, a patent for an anti-snore device.

What patent should have been sent to Boston?

Who invented the steam shovel?

In what city does White live?

In the Till

THE four Smiley children have by this time managed to increase their savings quite respectably. Emily now has as much as Bobby and Peter together. Connie has twice as much as Peter. Bobby has half as much as Connie and Peter together. They have in all $280. How much has each?

(Solutions Next Month)

"Can't you read?"

Epilogue

THIRTY, I thought, was the End of It All,
When you saw the handwriting on the wall,
And acquired that Witches of Endor look,
And rated dibs on the inglenook;
When your sight grew dim and your pulse grew thin,
And your hair fell out and your chest caved in,
And you stayed at home huddled over the stove
While the young folks went to the Coconut Grove.

THIRTY, I sighed,—the End of the Trail,
When your mind grew faint as your frame grew frail!
Turn in the key to your clubhouse locker;
Make for the footstool, limp for the rocker;
With anything new be vaguely vexed,
And quaver, "What won't they think of next!"
Yours no longer the vine-leaf wreath—
Or roasting ear, with your new store teeth;
And no man asks is yours Dry or Sloe,
On account of your blood pressure's high or low.

THIRTY years on this old grey head;
Old Man Time marches on, she said!
But somehow my hair didn't turn snow-white
As I turned the calendar, overnight;
And only slowly, by starts and fits,
Did I lose my teeth or even my wits;
And I stiffened up in my joints and knees
By the imperceptiblest degrees.
How lax, how laggard, how slow is Fate;
This outworn clay, how obdurate—
At thirty-one still drawing breath!
Old Age is *such* a lingering death.

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

"You're fired! If you hurry you can get your ad for Situation Wanted in the two o'clock edition."

HOW LONG SHOULD A MAN'S LEGS BE?

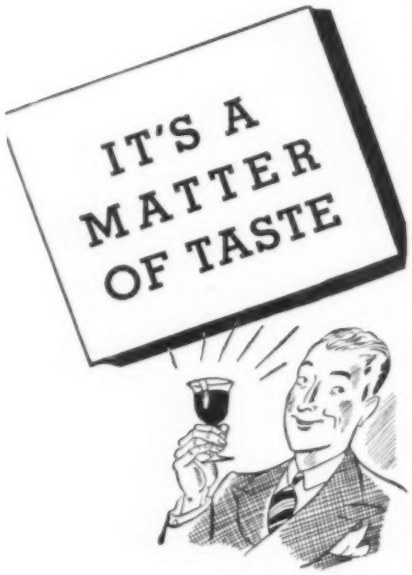
Lincoln had a good answer. "Long enough," he drawled, "to reach from his body to the ground."

THAT seems like a good rule to apply to a business. It ought to be big enough to do the job it is intended to do.

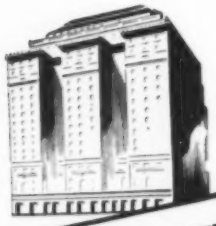
What makes a business big or small? It isn't the directors and it isn't the stockholders — but the public. No business grows, and keeps on growing, unless it meets the people's needs and renders a worth-while service at a fair price.

The Bell System has developed along those lines for over half a century. It has to be big to provide efficient, adequate telephone service to 127,000,000 people.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



The business of selecting a hotel for your next visit to New York deserves a little thought. There are a number of hotels comparable to the Roosevelt in price and general desirability, yet sufficiently different in character to make a choice necessary. Our location, our services (sincere and without ostentation) and our deliciously prepared food are well known. Rates are $4 single and $6 double.



A UNITED HOTEL

The ROOSEVELT
Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director
Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York
(With entrance in the Grand Central Station)

The Movies

(Continued from page 12)

dred of the fetching velvet sunbonnet hats of the period, each carefully arranged with a spit curl down each side of Joan's lovely pan.

Bow Timberlake, a very censorable young man, played by Bob Taylor, was emasculated and cut to fit the taste of Will Hays. Definitely known to have committed suicide, he dies in battle in this. John Randolph of Roanoke, whom his biographers hold lost his manhood in a family love scandal, has his manhood mercifully restored by the picture. Historically Randolph also died a natural death but in this film he dies by an assassin's bullet. Of course the most ludicrous thing in the whole shooting match is the monotonous love story between Peggy and Randolph. Engaged to marry, after much mooning thru many reels, they break off when it turns out that Randolph is a states rights man while Peggy favors a strong central government.

The only first-class performances are those of Lionel Barrymore and Beulah Bonti as Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson. Barrymore was less muggy than ever I saw him; and Miss Bonti stole the picture. They were first-class because they were the Jacksons of history and not sugarized by Hollywood.

The direction is the usual antiseptic uninspired job Clarence Brown is capable of; there are holes in the story you could drive an army thru; the bundling scenes in the picture are too nauseous for whimsey and the political scenes have a little life.

I ALWAYS get remarkable twinges of conscience whenever I go to see Shirley Temple. Here she is 7, childless, and has already provided for her parents' old age. She can also buy herself $2500 worth of lollipops a week. And here I am 36, a father, and looking forward to Townsend to take care of me when I become an old dodder. As for the $2500 per week, I somehow feel even a Republican landslide wouldn't net it me. Wherefor I return home after seeing Shirley, and proceed to beat up my daughter Gretchen, who is 6, likes lollipops but is doing absolutely nothing about earning $2500 a week's worth.

As for Shirley in her newest little daydream, it's called "Dimples" and she does very well by it. In return, "Dimples" does very well by Shirley. For recently, Shirley's been pushed around in her stories, invariably playing the offspring of parents who get separated somehow, and then get reunited by Shirley's chubby little hand bringing them together again.

"Dimples," however, might have been written by Dickens and probably was. In it, Shirley's the ward of Frank Morgan, a whimsical Professor of Bird Calling and a bit of a thief. Shirley gets mixed up with some Fifth Avenue swells who want to adopt her and the great part of the plot deals with her being shunted back and forth between them and the professor in a succession of heart breaking leave taking scenes. In fact, the story breaks into such an orgy of adoption, I felt they ought to put Shirley on a belt and operate the plot by machinery.

But here I am getting envious again. For Shirley is her good little trouping self, does some remarkable tap dancing and gets thru an awful scene in which she sings a tear-jerking song into Frank Morgan's wig, at which I swear I broke down and wept right with her.

I'VE managed to miss "Ramona" in one form or another but it has finally caught up to me in a beautiful color treatment with Loretta Young as the unhappy Ramona and Don Ameche as the unlucky Don Alessandro. I can't say it means very much at this late date, for the injustices it renders indignation against are pretty dead issues today, unless of course, under the influence of this picture the government gives the land back to the original owners: the Indians. As you probably know the story tells of how the lovely half Indianess, Ramona, marries a fullblooded Indian, lives an idyllic life with him until the cruel pioneer whitemen relieve him of his rich lands, resulting in the end in poor Alessandro's death. So determined are the producers to keep the thing idyllic they have suggested a happy ending to the story, for love, as you know, is something. As to the advantages of technicolor over black and white, color seems to be inevitable but will only be successful if it is kept from co-starring with the story. Judging from its use in Ramona, the trend seems to be in that direction.

MUCH to my amazement the phrase "The Last of the Mohicans" turns out not to be something you say as you push your last stack into a poker pot, but the title of a book made into a movie. Which only goes to show. Figuring my ignorance and all, it manages to be a relaxing humdinger from beginning to end. Obviously the first horse opera, it stays solid thru the years. This version has that hoary all plotty plot which has inspired many a Zane Grey since it was first written. Randolph

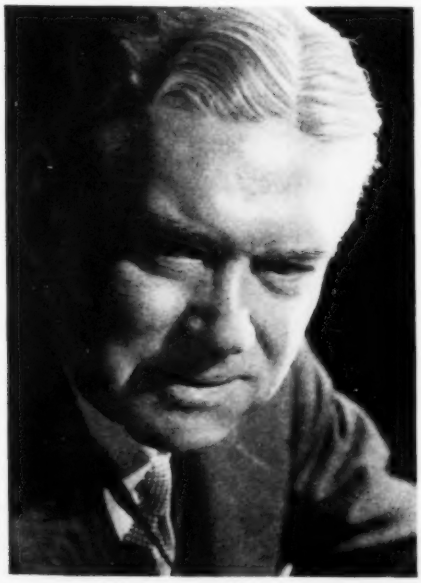
Scott is a satisfactory youthful and sweetiepie version of Natty Bumpo, originally an irascible bachelor and misogynist. The Indians are mostly Hollywood Boulevardiers made up in greasepaint, but the stuff in the Indian villages, in which the Indian women greet the returning warrior braves in fashion reminiscent of "The Golden Bough," is very enlightening and really honestly researched. There is a grand sword rattling scene in which Montcalm and his opposing British leader make war into a beautiful thing.

"BIG Game" is the first of the season's football pictures and its plot is distinguished from all other football plots in that the hero quarterback is kidnaped the night before the big game and kept prisoner by gamblers until the conventional two minutes to play. But as usual he just makes the playing field, grabs a fumble right in his hands and with seconds to play runs for the winning touchdown. All I could figure was that his team was playing Harvard. But there is the hero's white-haired old mother in the story, mercifully unsweetened. In fact she's a dope. Andy Devine is funny as a football bum, married and father of three. There's an incredible riot on the field; also a lot of last year's All-Americans. The picture, straining to be very Westbrook Peglerian in telling the truth about football, seemed downright dishonest in its preachments. From what I could gather, it was o.k. for the hero to take money from gamblers when his team won, but when it lost, it was downright unethical!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN can always be depended on for a new malapropism and a good picture. Most recently he has both said he was so enraptured with his wife's hand he was having a bust made of it, and has also turned out a swell screen version of "Dodsworth": each masterpieces of their kind. Sidney Howard did the screen adaptation from Sidney's own stage dramatization and was entirely let alone by Goldwyn. The whole production is well acted by Walt Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor and the others and the direction is worth the million dollars spent on the whole affair. It all could hold its own on any intelligent stage before any intelligent audience, which is saying a lot for a Hollywood treatment of such stuff. I never did think much of "Dodsworth" as a book, since it seemed pretty tame stuff for the fire-eating Sinclair Lewis, sissy love stuff, as twere. I can safely say it makes a better movie than a book and even if its story of the love problems that beset wealthy manufacturers has no relation to those of us on relief, it's fun to get a look at how the other 2% lives.

"VALIANT Is the Word for Carrie" is an interminable tear-jerker that starts off being very daring for a movie. It seems that Carrie is a gal who puts her body into her work, living in a small Louisiana town. One of the town kids gets an innocent crush on Carrie, and she's run out of town. Had the story concentrated on this rather potent idea and worked it for all it was worth, maybe Hollywood would have gifted us with an important, lively movie. Instead, it goes into a longwinded, dull yarn, in which Carrie adopts the boy and a gal, gets into the drycleaning business, goes straight and somehow gets a million dollar penthouse (out of the cleaning business, of course) right on the East River because, as the author says, she was river folk and liked the feel of flowing water! Then it winds up with prison breaks, double crossings and other junk to get the title over. There are a couple of unconscious laughs derived from Carrie's original profession; Charlene Wyatt looks like a second Shirley Temple, heaven forbid; Gladys George works hard with the endurance role of Carrie; but it's all soft and mushy like a bath of rancid glue.

Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



THE SELECTION of a laxative is no problem for your doctor. He has a definite set of standards to guide him in his choice. And he knows that a *good* laxative is one that measures up to *all* of these standards. Here they are:

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not:* Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

And Ex-Lax is a laxative that meets these various specifications . . . Ex-Lax checks on every point.

Be as wise as your doctor about the laxative you use. Don't punish your system with harsh cathartics. Give Ex-Lax a trial. Find out how mild, how effective, how comfortable Ex-Lax is. Discover for yourself the advantages that have made Ex-Lax the world's largest-selling laxative. Get the reasons *why* doctors use it themselves . . . *why* mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence for over 30 years.

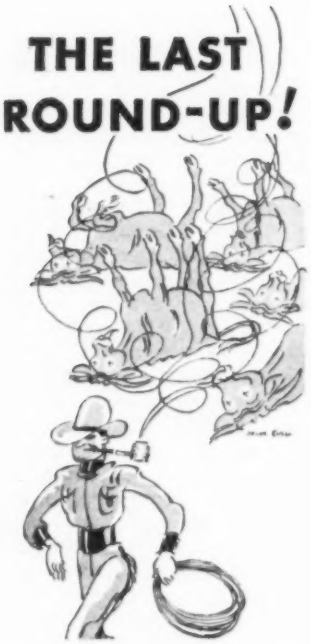
Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's an ideal laxative for children as well as for adults. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. J 116, Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

THE LAST ROUND-UP!



ONE WHIFF of maverick tobacco from that gurgling old pipe made the steers cry "Uncle!" Personally, we don't hold with strong pipes and bitter blends. We feel that a briar is improved by a daily grooming and a diet of milder, pleasanter tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. First, of course, because we make it; but also because this great blend of well-aged Kentucky Burleys is cooler to smoke and delightfully fragrant. Try a tin. You may not round up as many cattle, but you'll pull in a big gang of admiring friends.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. R-611

Books

(Continued from page 2)

themselves up and down Beacon Hill, regretting their hasty act. For "I Am the Fox" is a thoroly uninteresting, conventional girlie-girlie self-analysis of a thoroly uninteresting twenty-six years old Iowa potato. It's all too depressing for words not to say embarrassing at times, and just the kind of book that gives women writers a bad name.

A GIFTED fellow of infinite zest, Skippy's creator, Percy L. Crosby, has a bad fault: he has a serious side. He burns with social and political fevers over injustices, a terribly dangerous thing for anybody, including an expert humorist. Not only this, but it seems that Mr. Crosby, granting him his right to think, usually manages to either involve himself in matters which are downright reactionary, jingoistic, and once in them, he doesn't seem to be able to divorce the argument from himself. Mr. Crosby is forever rushing into print with his assorted impatiences, with embarrassing results.

His latest effusion is "Three Cheers for the Red, Red and Red," a bookful of personal Crosby woes, bellyaches and stormings against dictators, reds and his editors, interspersed and supposedly sublimated, with a great deal of patriotic flag waving. Mr. Crosby's indignation at the dictated world and his detection of communism is terrifying to behold and would be extremely wearisome to read except it is full of energy and has a kind of fascination in that you wonder how anyone could be so wrong yet so passionate in defending his beliefs. We didn't finish the book mainly because it finished us, and when Mr. Crosby began calling Mr. Hearst a communist in so many words, we hawed and got ourselves out Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's two vol. humdinger on the Soviets.

Undoubtedly Mr. Crosby is a good writer. We certainly don't like to put a crimp in his pen, heaven forbid that we could. But distasteful as the task is to us, who know and admire him, we feel that someone ought tell him he is deflecting a perfectly enormous writing talent into cockeyed channels. With Mr. Crosby's enormous gift of humor and observation of the everyday American kid world, there is no reason why we shouldn't get Skippy novels as good as Mark Twain. Not that someone doesn't have to save the country, and not that Mr. Crosby hasn't the right to take a crack at it—but we think he'd do better saving it thru kindliness and humor rather than by apoplectic attacks on third assistants and by pleas for a big navy.

—Ted Shane.

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High Hat

(Continued from page 17)

had been able to foresee that the roads were going to run low-rate excursions to the fair. The squawks could be heard clear over into Delaware!

The convention of turn-callers inched boldly out onto the end of the prognosticating limb by making two unequivocal predictions: 1—that the Yankees would win the World Series by a score of 4 to 3, and 2—that Fearless Franklin would still be getting his three squares a day in the White House long after Election Day. How are they doin', hey?

The convention also decided to picket all tea shoppes in the country which employ other than Association Tea Leaf Readers. Now, if someone would only picket *all* Tea Leaf Readers—union or otherwise—so that our wimmen would quit coming home and sitting in a daze over "That certain dark man," or "That sea voyage," or "That unexpected wealth" which is coming to them, p-o-s-i-t-i-v-e-l-y, we would be mighty happy!

High Hat-Checks

Hapsburg House, 313 E. 55th St.

Back in December, 1933, new enterprises that promised any fun were practically non-existent. But a small group of intrepid gourmets decided that fine food and wines *always had been* fun and would be again.

Headed by Bemelmans, talented German cartoonist, Collier Young and Ted Patrick, Hapsburg House became an epicure's dream a-working. Within its wrought iron and white brick front, famous dishes came into their own once more, and a cellar second to none in selection of rare vintages came of age.

Bemelmans' original and distinctive art adorns the walls—which were papered in drawing paper. The Vienna of old is re-created under his deft and amusing touch, even to the menus, which are two by three feet square. There are three delightful private rooms—one of them an hilarious replica of Franz Schubert's studio in Vienna.

Hapsburg House draws the sort of clientele which Manhattan restaurateurs sit up nights for, gnawing their nails. Movie stars go to other places for publicity photos—to Hapsburg for meals. Manager Carl Werner, formerly of Monte Carlo and the Ritz, could give you a list from here to there of the notables who hit New York and head for Hapsburg like homing pigeons. It's their first stop.

If you want noise and whistles, steam-table food at the snap of a finger, and liquors of dubious ancestry—the Hapsburg is not for you. In fact, the only kind of whiskey they serve is bonded—they're *that* stubborn about the original aim of the place. But if you're for food and vintage wines, served as only those who know and love them *can* serve them, you and Hapsburg House will have no rifts in the lute. Ever.

Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14th St.

About this time of year, with the leaves falling and the shrill hoots of wounded politicians filling the crisp fall air, we head automatically—every so often—into the jungles of 14th St.

For there, year after year, the Kretchma goes on. And down in the cellar, well ventilated by some Russian magic, is good food, good likker (pass that canteen of vodka, Hennery, you black rascal!), and good times—at a most modest price, up to 10:30 p.m.

Here, with the candle light dealing kindly with the savage colors of the murals, is authentic Russian talent and, no doubt, authentic Russian guests, besides the renegade Americanos who swear by the place.

We are a pushover for Borscht, come cold weather. And we wonder why the Messrs. Heinz and Campbell haven't tried to put this fine, thick soup up in their cans—is the sour cream too great an obstacle for Yankee ingenuity? Come, come, men—to work! America needs Borscht!

Mr. Nemiroff has a nose for talent and has started many Russian entertainers on the road to stardom in his cozy cellar. True, he still insists on a Classic Cossack Act—with knives pitched from the mouth onto a dollar bill laid on a pine board. The patrons insist on this, we imagine—it's in the tradition.

There's a good Russian dance orchestra, and the customers take down their back hair and have a fine, noisy time of it. So will you, my man—jump out of those carpet slippers and give it a whirl!

Best Steppers

DARLING, Not Without You & Now Or Never—Ruby Newman and his orchestra—Victor.

S'Posin' & Floatin' Down to Cotton Town—"Fats" Waller and his Orchestra—Victor.

Love Me Or Leave Me & Exactly Like You—Benny Goodman and his orchestra and Benny Goodman Trio, respectively—Victor

In a Jam & Uptown Downbeat—Duke Ellington and his orchestra—Brunswick.

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—JUDGE, JR.

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THIS is the first lesson in our course. The scene is the office of a national magazine and the morning mail is being trundled in. Your manuscript is in one of the mail bags along with a couple of hundred other gems from the 48 states, Alaska, and the Hawaiian Islands. Now, to make that script sell, to elevate it from the general run, *it must be made to stand out.*

Aside from sensational methods, there are several factors that will contribute greatly toward making your manuscript eye-catching, as follows:

Fresh appearance. The manuscript must crackle with freshness, the paper appear smooth and unwrinkled and without traces of previous journeys to other magazines.

On the other hand, expensive paper and elaborate presentation are of little avail. A man named August Yohambian, of Wyoming, once had the New York magazines in a twitter with a short story he tattooed in purple India ink on an Andalusian goat hide. The upshot of the affair was that an editor bought the goat skin, on the condition that Mr. Yohambian come to New York and get the short story off it.

Then there is the case of Vernon Hathaway, the Philadelphia piano-tuner who sky-rocketed in the autumn of 1920 by the simple device of sending his manuscripts to the homes of the magazine editors in envelopes edged in black. Vernon's success was short-lived, however, as one day he opened a parcel post package containing a bomb.

From 1925 to 1932 there was an epidemic in the Atlantic Coast States of exhibitionism in scripts. This era saw the Wallpaper Poets and the Clam-Shell Carvers, and at the same time gold leaf broke out in many places. The day that skywriting came in, a group of editors barricaded themselves in the Corn Exchange Building and stayed there five months. To this day many of that brave little band refuse to look at the sky in deadly fear of seeing a synopsis of a western serial there.

A parting word of advice: Take the middle course in the presentation of your manuscript. True, the second-best story of 1911 came in carved into an oak pump-handle, but there is something wrong with your style if you cannot overcome the pump-handle competition by sheer beauty of writing. Make it your business to present to the editor's eye a pleasing page. We have in mind a young writer named Oscar Spumoni, an Argentine gaucho who sold his first script on its appearance alone. He employed ten typewriters each with a different colored ribbon, and his manuscript was snapped up by a printers' trade journal and printed as a cover design.

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Judge published monthly at Mount Morris, Illinois, for October 1, 1936. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Rogan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Judge and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Judge Magazine, Inc., 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.; Editor, Jack Shuttleworth, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.; Managing Editor, Jack Shuttleworth, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.; Business Manager, Fred L. Rogan, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.

2. That the owner is: Judge Magazine, Inc., 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.; Fred L. Rogan, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.; Richard J. Walsh, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.; Jack Shuttleworth, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.; Ward R. Robinson, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y.; H. A. Obst, Jamaica Ave., 185th St., Jamaica, N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person, or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Fred L. Rogan, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1936.

[Seal.] Sadie M. Nilan, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1938.

Contract

By George Coffin

FRANK K. PERKINS of Boston, writing for the *Herald*, is turning out just about the best series of Bridge hands to be found in any Bridge column in the world. Perhaps this statement sounds strong, but we mean it! Other writers seem disposed to pad their columns with what is known to the Bridge world as "cooked" hands, to say nothing of a lot of pointless hands published only to toot the writer's pet bidding system. Perkins' reputation is based primarily on his flair for faultless analysis of practical hands from actual play that require subtle but nevertheless common horse sense treatment. Here is one of his specimens on trump management and safety play:

♠ A 7 5
♡ 5 3 2
◇ 10 9
♣ A J 8 7 5

♠ J 3 2
♡ J
◇ J 5 4 3 2
♣ Q 4 3 2

N
W E
S

♠ K Q 10 9 4
♡ Q 10 9 4
◇ Q
♣ K 10 9

Perkins
♠ 8 6
♡ A K 8 7 6
◇ A K 8 7 6
♣ 6

South	West	North	East
1 ♡	Pass	2 ♣	2 ♠
3 ◇	Pass	3 ♡	Pass
4 ♡	Pass	Pass	Pass

West led a low diamond which was won by declarer's ace. Mr. Perkins noted the fall of the queen so he took the precaution of crossing to the dummy with the ace of clubs and immediately leading a diamond through East. When East refused to trump he began to suspect that his friend to the right had more than a reasonable share of trumps and was very loath to part with one. So he won the trick with the king of diamonds, and led one round of trumps.

If at this point he had led another heart as those London fathers always do—blissfully trusting that the suit would break, nothing could have prevented East from getting in and slaughtering dummy's last trump. After which only divine assistance or a revoke could have prevented the opponents from winning two hearts, a spade, and the jack of diamonds.

Instead Mr. Perkins made the very pretty play of leading diamonds until West covered with his Jack, at which point dummy would ruff. This line of play, based on nice deduction and not on silly rules, holds the opponents to two hearts and one spade trick. The hand as you see carries a neat moral; so in future let's not hear any more about those peripateting British demi-mondaines.

Here's a snappy problem for Fall weather:

♠ none
♡ 10 4
◇ Q 10
♣ K 9 6 5

♠ Q
♡ J 8
◇ 8 7
♣ Q 8 7

N
W E
S

♠ K 8 6
♡ 9 7
◇ 9 6
♣ A

♠ 10 7 3,
♡ Q 6 5
◇ none
♣ J 10

Hearts are trumps and South leads. North and South must win seven tricks against any defence. Solution next month.

Last Month's Problem

♠ 7 6 5 4 3
♡ 10
◇ J 4
♣ A

♠ 10 2
♡ 8
◇ 3 2
♣ K 9 6 3

N
W E
S

♠ J 9
♡ 9
◇ K 10 8 7
♣ Q 7

♠ A K Q 8
♡ none
◇ A Q 9 6 5
♣ none

Hearts are trumps and South leads. North and South must win eight tricks. South leads the ace of spades, East playing the jack to prevent a later throw-in. South plays the queen of diamonds, which East allows to hold. (If East should take with his king, the jack of diamonds would be an entry for North who could then give South an opportunity to discard his two losers). South plays the ace of diamonds and then leads the eight of spades which West is obliged to win. West must now lead a heart or club. North immediately wins a trick in each suit giving South a chance to unblock the spades by discarding the king and queen, and then all North's spades are good.

Mr. Coffin will welcome correspondence from Judge readers, and will analyze problem hands and answer questions on contract provided correspondents send stamped, addressed envelopes for reply.

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Answers to Last Month's Wit-Nits

Many Tanks

Mr. Pultz's gas tank held 15 gallons and his car averages eight miles per gallon.

Digit Crypt

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
M E T H O D I C A L

Tobacco Road

The Major's supply was—27 cigarettes.
From the 27 he made— 9 new cigarettes
From the 9 he made— 3 new cigarettes
From the 3 he made— 1 new cigarette
—
So he enjoyed smoking in all 40 cigarettes.

Cross and Doublecross

On the following time-table K represents the king of the cannibals (who can row); CC the other cannibals and MMM the missionaries.

CROSSES KC, KC, MM, MK, MM, KC, KC
RETURNS K, K, MC, MC, K, K,

This may also be accomplished in the same way if only one missionary can row.

Tricky

No matter what number from one to twelve Mrs. Simpkins chose, Mr. Simpkins' statement would always be true if his pack contained 18 cards.

Simpkins, Again

Trick No. I. South must lead the ace of hearts. If West plays the queen, South simply leads the 9 of hearts setting up the 7 for the needed trick. So West plays the 5, North the 6, and East the 3.

Trick No. II. South leads the king of diamonds. West cannot unguard clubs. Nor can he throw a spade for South after leading his club 2 and reentering with the queen of spades will throw him in the lead with the queen of hearts and West will be endplayed in clubs. So West must discard the queen of hearts. North plays the 2 of spades. East the 10 of diamonds.

Trick No. III. South leads the 2 of clubs. West plays the 10. North the queen. East the 4 of hearts.

Trick No. IV. North leads the king of clubs. East plays the 10 of spades. South the 7 of hearts. West the 6 of clubs.

Trick No. V. North leads the club 8 which West will win and lead a spade to trick No. VI. East now holds J s, 10 h, Q d. South now holds Q s, 9 h, J d. If East throws a heart or diamond, South discards the opposite suit and wins the last two tricks. If East throws the jack of spades, South discards the queen of spades and North wins the last two tricks when West leads from his 7, 3 into North's 9, 5 of spades.

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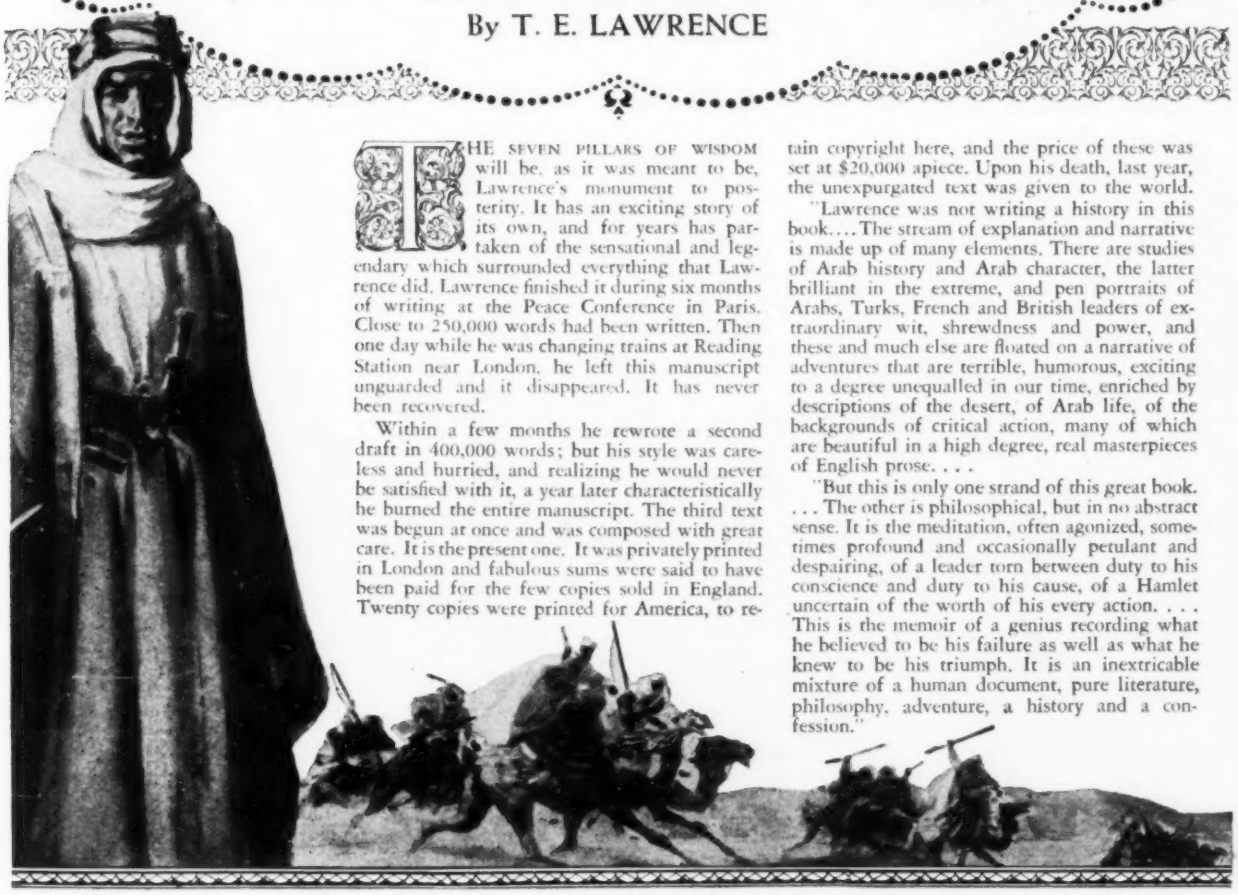
SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE



THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at $20,000 apiece. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Lawrence was not writing a history in this book.... The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."

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Valiant is the Word for Frobisher

(Continued from page 15)

not feel indebted to the Legion for establishing the Fixed Scale of Souvenir Prices. Why,—."

"We have no time for lengthy eulogies, Mr. Frobisher."

"But next time you purchase souvenirs anywhere in the United States thank the Blue Legion for giving this country a 30-cent starfish and two-for a quarter pocket comb cases. Ask any housewife if she is not thankful to be getting the full six feet of electric appliance cords for the first time in her life, instead of the five feet four inches before the Legion stepped in."

"Really, Mr. Frobisher—."

"ASK any newspaper reader if he does not appreciate the battle the Legion has waged against printing pictures of octogenarians taken when they were graduating from high school, and action photographs with a line of agate type explaining that the above scene is a reenactment of the crime."

"Do I have to keep pounding this gavel at you? You are presuming very heavily on the patience of this court. After listening to your amazing testimony pertaining to your vaunted Blue Legion, do you know what I have a good mind to do, Mr. Frobisher?"

"No, your honor."

"I have a good mind to organize a Red Legion and fight your precious cohorts every step of the way. I have a good mind to call upon a picked posse of vigilantes to collar every one of your gang of hair-splitters and thrash him within an inch of his life.

"This court knows your type, Frobisher, a strainer at gnats and a swallower of camels. And now to get back to your case. I fine you twenty dollars and costs for throwing toasted cheese sandwiches at tea room proprietors."

The Odd Fellow

"WRITE me a play with just one original character and I'll buy it," said the producer.

"That's easy," replied the playwright. "I'll have the hero make a hole in one and then give the golf ball to his caddy as a souvenir."

"Splendid!"

"In the second act his watch will stop and when it refuses to run he will neither shake it nor open the case to see if he can fix it."

"Capital!"

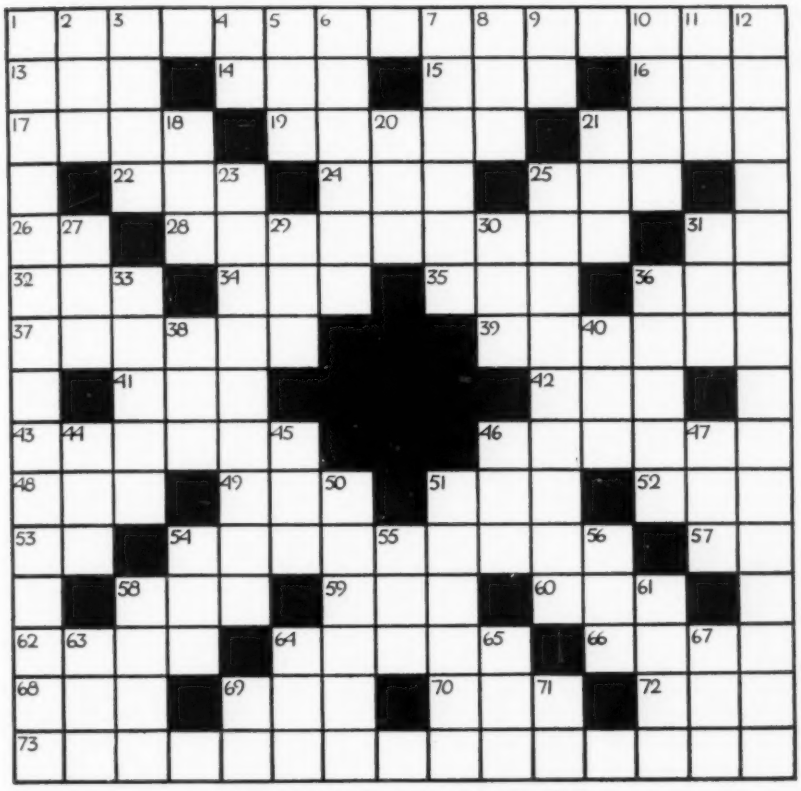
"In the third act he'll get married."

"That's the hackneyed ending."

"He'll get married, but when he buys the furniture for his home I'll have him pay cash for it."

"Wonderful!"

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 368



Submitted by R. Hyatt, Salt Lake City, Utah

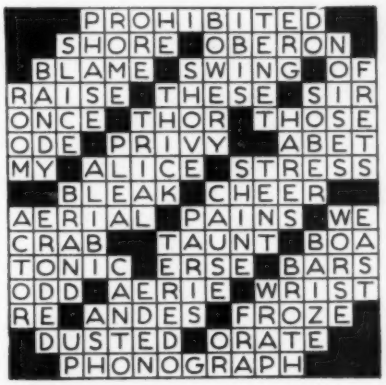
Horizontal

1. Prophets with profits.
13. Just around the edges.
14. A harnessed horse's chewing-gum.
15. The container of a "Welcome" sign.
16. Unplayed hole after a match is finished (golf).
17. Ill-omened jewel.
19. The stop-and-go train.
21. Was perceived by Webster.
22. A good old-fashioned knock-knock.
24. Joe Louis can beat this at home.
25. Of hope, of intelligence, or of sunshine.
26. Half an Egyptian goddess.
28. Climbed with difficulty.
31. An unedible pastry.
32. A five-cent carry-all.
34. Hurried reply.
35. Sink or swim!
36. It's eccentric.
37. Not Levy, levy.
39. Spread.
41. Like a light.
42. Tin Pan Alley Oop.
43. Toughened.
46. Avaunt thee.
48. The mail boat that lost its first letter.
49. A liquor demon.
51. "Big-house" guest.
52. A meadow near a stream.
53. Any rubber check.
54. An unplucked bud.
57. More than one but less than plethora.
58. Glorifying the American Girl.
59. Central heating.
60. One born every minute.
62. Throw out or up.
64. Expensive habit.
66. Public enemies.
68. Even to a sportsman.
69. Housewives' supporters.
70. A poet's conception of the open.
72. The heart of it.
73. Father Time marches ON.

Vertical

1. Volsteaders.
2. Mrs. Van Winkle's boy.
3. A tentmaker.
4. Nobody's business (abbr.).
5. Recommended for troubled waters.
6. Hurricanes created by newlyweds.
7. Reflections.
8. Nickname of the Golden State.
9. A Cockney tam.
10. She promises to but doesn't.
11. Gin's brother; kind of bread, or a town in N.Y.
12. Those in love.
18. Paint.
20. Bruin's offspring.
21. Forelorn but not for long.
23. The condition in which dawn found the inebriates.
25. They live there.
27. It may sound like some to you but to me it's the total.
29. Hillbilly.
30. The gangster's sixshooter.
31. A good stand.
33. The upshoot of the whale.
36. Famous street in New Orleans.
38. This denotes ownership by us.
40. A Ubangi woman's pride and joy.
44. An old horse headed for the glue factory.
45. The golf pro's student.
46. Put on the hat.
47. Important part of your reputation.
50. Day dreaming.
51. It's in the army now.
54. Water on the grass.
55. A great pull.
56. The best listener in the audience.
58. Her best argument.
61. A sugar-mama's escort.
63. A product of the doughboy.
64. An ocean of dreams.
65. French spring.
67. Lizzie's overcoat.
69. The lowing of a Greek cow.
71. Makes small smaller.

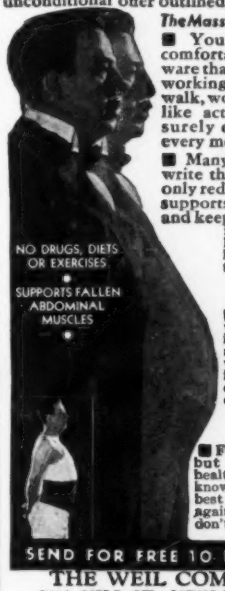
Solution of Puzzle No. 366



"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES with the WEIL BELT!"
. . . writes George Bailey

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE YOUR WAIST THREE INCHES in TEN DAYS
. . . it won't cost you a penny!

BECAUSE we have done this for thousands of others . . . because we *believe* we can do as much for you . . . we dare to make you the unconditional offer outlined above!



The Massage-Like Action Does It

■ You will be completely comfortable and entirely unaware that its gentle pressure is working constantly while you walk, work or sit . . its massage-like action persistently and surely eliminating fat with every move you make!

■ Many enthusiastic wearers write that the Weil Belt not only reduces fat but that it also supports the abdominal walls and keeps the digestive organs in place . . . that they are no longer fatigued . . . and that loss of fat greatly increases their endurance.

Greatly Improves Your Appearance

■ The Weil Reducing Belt will make you appear many inches slimmer at once . . and in 10 short days if your waistline is not actually 3 inches smaller . . . 3 inches of fat gone . . . it won't cost you one cent!

Don't Wait . . . Fat Is Dangerous

■ Fat is not only unbecoming, but it also endangers your health. Insurance companies know the danger of obesity. The best medical authorities warn against fat accumulations, so don't wait any longer!

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

THE WEIL COMPANY, INC.
3311 HILL ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Gentlemen: Send me FREE your illustrated folder describing The Weil Belt and full details of your 10 Day FREE Trial Offer.

Name_____

Address_____

Use Coupon or Send Name & Address on Penny Post Card

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THE WESTBURY accepts both transient and permanent guests. Rates are reasonable. Prix fixe meals permit the establishing of a regular budget, while the moderately priced a la carte menu is an added attraction. A delightful cuisine and service.

NOW OPEN
THE POLO BAR

A new and delightful rendezvous, the finest cocktails, expertly mixed, and the choicest of wines and liquors, served at reasonable prices.

HOTEL WESTBURY
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Charles F. A. Frey, Manager.

LEG-O-MATIC
BRIDGE SETS

FOR THE MODERN
Automatic table . . . All legs open and close with one motion . . . Compact, comfortable folding chairs have the appearance of real chairs.
RIGID SIMPLE BEAUTIFUL

Sold At Leading Department or Furniture Stores
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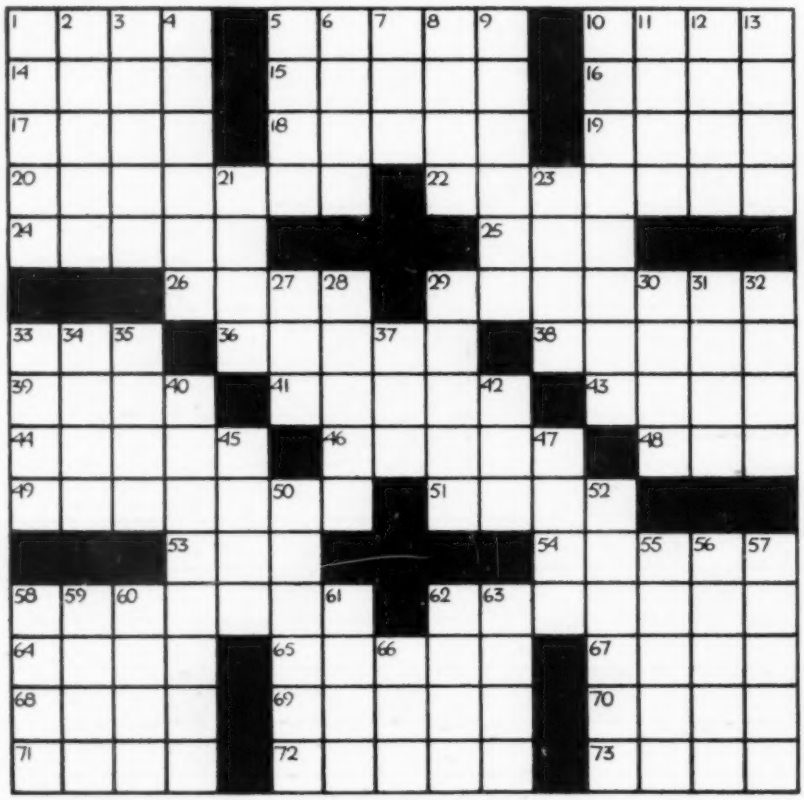
BISMARCK HOTEL
RANDOLPH AT LA SALLE — CHICAGO

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 369



Submitted by Frank A. Cook, Schofield Barracks, T. H.

Horizontal

1. Bootlegging.
5. What a hot dog does.
10. The Colonel's favorite.
14. This will help hold your horses.
15. Bide a bit.
16. Shaker.
17. The old folks.
18. Ruined by radio.
19. Heard at the bar.
20. Jittery.
22. Least difficult.
24. To clothe.
25. A portion of lettuce.
26. Meek as Moses.
29. Millionaires' leavings.
33. This is admitted to be a good deal.
36. Bounds.
38. A master minder.
39. An i with a dot. (Sorry!)
41. Toothy showing of rage.
43. A side slip.
44. A good revolver.
46. Much ado about something.
48. An oceanic high flier.
49. He can tie the knot.
51. Part of a date.
53. Man, body and soul.
54. Spirit.
58. The beginning of a good resolution.
62. Urge.
64. A mere particle.
65. A reserve for future use.
67. Rim.
68. Nine inches.
69. Part of a wooden joint.
70. Noisy disturbance of the public peace.
71. This is skin deep.
72. Brushed away.
73. What the rent did.

Vertical

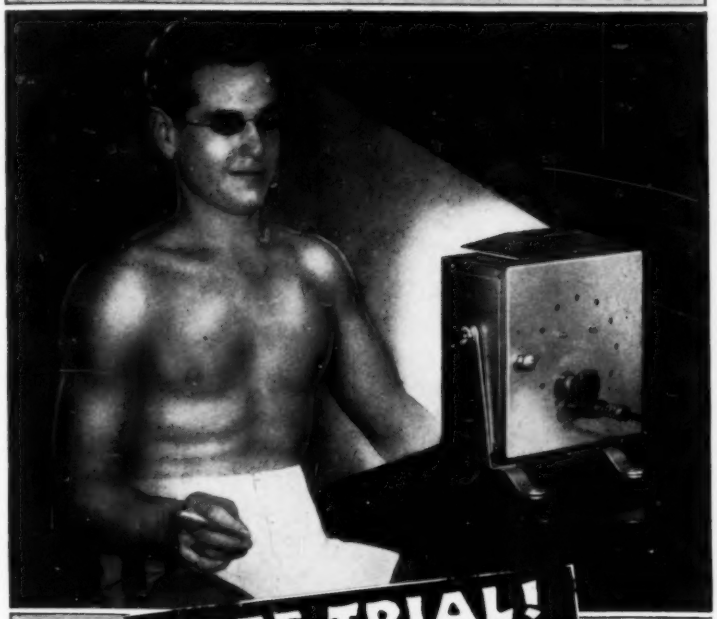
1. The pride of the ballet dancer.
2. This is heathenish.
3. Change for the better.
4. This produces boredom.
5. What the successful prize fighter must do with a wallop.
6. How the race-horse was going when he distanced the field.
7. To pinch.
8. Glazed brick.
9. One way a fleet base runner advances.
10. Sensational headlines.
11. An invitation by eye.
12. Regrets.
13. But not gaudy.
21. The inner side of a roof.
23. Cliques that seldom click.
27. An endless legend.
28. A ball.
29. To attempt.
30. Walk off with.
31. At all times.
32. Stitched.
33. Handshake of the effeminate.
34. The nose knows.
35. To lug down South.
37. An expression of disgust or contempt.
40. Not at all bigoted.
42. Weed remover.
45. With out, it's a shame.
47. What some men do to get rich.
50. Health drinks.
52. To go back.
55. A sound producer.
56. Pep.
57. This would be deleted if its first and last letters were not.
58. A frail little thing.
59. An eternal springer.
60. And elsewhere (Lat. abbr.)
61. An agitated state.
62. A hold-up.
63. A tear.
66. This is singular.

Solution of Puzzle No. 367

A	C	E				C	O	T				L	B	S
L	O	T	S		B	O	A	R	D		B	O	O	T
T	O	U	T		E	R	R	O	R		O	C	R	A
O	P	I	A	T	E	S		C	E	I	L	I	N	G
				B	A	R	E		H	A	T	E		
O	C	U	L	I	S	T		E	M	E	R	A	L	D
P	A	N	E	L							M	O	L	A
E	N	T										E	S	E
N	O	I	S	E							B	U	R	S
S	E	L	T	Z	E	R		R	E	A	L	T	O	R
				U	R	G	E		E	A	T	S		
G	A	R	B	A	G	E		P	R	E	T	E	N	D
A	R	A	B		E	L	G	I	N		E	V	O	E
M	A	N	Y		D	E	A	N	S		R	I	S	E
E	L	K				D	Y	E				L	E	D

Have that healthy TAN *that Men and Women Admire!*

IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE 100%



FREE TRIAL!

SUN RAYS IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH AS WELL AS YOUR APPEARANCE!

■ Health Authorities tell us we would be in better health if our modern living conditions did not exclude practically all sun light from our bodies. Most of our skin is covered by clothing, and when the sun light finally reaches the few exposed portions of our skin, it has lost much of its health-giving energy in the soot and dust of the atmosphere. Those of us who live in cities or work in offices all day seldom have an opportunity to expose our bodies to the direct ultra-violet rays . . . *unless* we own a Health Ray Sun Lamp. Then it is easy!

■ It is possible to greatly increase youthful vigor and vitality through ultra-violet rays . . . . to prevent colds . . . . to overcome listlessness and anemia . . . . and especially to aid in the treatment of rickets. Build up your own resistance and that of all your family by this simple, quick method! A sun lamp used to be a luxury . . . . now it is an inexpensive necessity!

TESTED AND APPROVED BY 'CHILD LIFE'

CHILD LIFE *Seal of* APPROVAL TESTED *and* PROVEN

■ Products advertised in Child Life Magazine are all tested and approved in their laboratories. They say, "It is a pleasure to advise you that the publishers of CHILD LIFE have granted your company the 'Seal of Approval' on "Health Ray" Lamps and Carbons. This Lamp has been in constant use by a reputable physician and is still perfect."

CHEAPEST FORM OF HEALTH INSURANCE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY:

■ Build up your resistance and vitality so that your system will easily throw off germs and poisons. Insure yourself against illness the sunshine way! Start NOW by mailing the coupon TODAY!

$1.00 DEPOSIT BUYS IT!

DON'T WAIT! START NOW TO GET YOUR SUN-TANNED PALM BEACH APPEARANCE

Don't have that pale indoor, pasty look!—Nothing sets off a man's appearance more than a rich coat of tan. He looks stronger, more virile . . . . the rugged out-door type . . . even in an office! The contrast between the man with a good healthy tan and his pallid, puny associates is so great that he stands out immediately in a crowd . . . . is the center of admiration and envy wherever he goes!

LOOK SUCCESSFUL—*BE* SUCCESSFUL!

■ Business men find that they pay more attention to the strong, healthy looking men that they meet, that they are more apt to give them preferences over the pale, wan type that looks too frail to hold down a man's size job. Salesmen especially, find that the very appearance of health and strength helps them to increase their orders. They win instant attention where they used to get dis-interest and inattention. When they appear tanned and bronzed the customer instinctively assumes that they are successful—else how could they get the time or the money to spend at resorts to acquire a tan? And to be *thought* successful is the first step toward *being* a success!

NOW it is easy and inexpensive to get that healthy TAN at home!

■ Of course you agree that you want to have that much-admired healthy TAN . . . . you know it would improve your appearance 100% if you could keep it all winter, and yet you can't afford to go to Florida for the Season. How then, can it be done? Very quickly and simply, by the wonderful Health Ray Sun Lamp.

4 Times as Powerful as Summer Mid-day Sun!

■ Just imagine having your own private sun that you can carry around your home, and that will give you as much ultra-violet energy in 15 minutes as you could get on the beach in an hour! Just as Ford made the automobile available to everyone, so has Health Ray made a high quality *genuine carbon-arc* sun lamp that is within the reach of every pocket book!

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■ We want you to *experience* the remarkable benefits the perfected HEALTH RAY SUN LAMP brings. We offer you FREE use for 7 days in your own home . . . 7 days works wonders in the way you look and feel! Then if you decide to keep it, it is yours for the remarkably low price of $7.95. Nothing more to pay — and as little as $1.00 buys it!

GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR

■ Now, for the first time, a really *high grade* Ultra-Violet Sun Lamp, bearing the stamp of approval of some of the highest testing laboratories, is within the reach of all. You *try before you buy*—don't delay, rush coupon below to—
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DEEP INTO THE WOODS. No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch—famous Maine Guide—makes noon camp. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "I've lived on dried meat and I've dined on the best—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."

WHEREVER...
WHATEVER...
WHENEVER
YOU EAT—

For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels!

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

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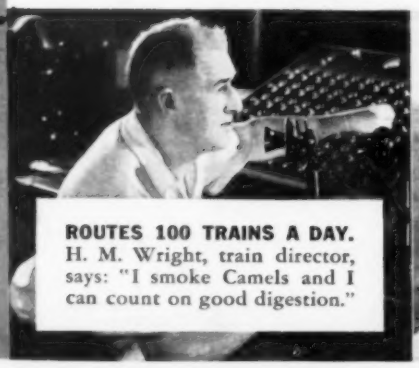
Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids... increases alkalinity... brings a sense of well-being

YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Tension eases. Alkalinity increases. You enjoy your food—and have a feeling of ease and contentment after eating. Mealtime or *any* time—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.



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GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."